



E. CAMERON & L. J. RITCHEY.]

Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,

Unaw'd by influence, unbribed by gain.

[EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.]

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Office over the Drug Store,
(ENTRANCE FROM THE PUBLIC SQUARE.)

TERMS:

The Saturday Morning Visitor is published once a week, at Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance.

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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions required, will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year. Advertisers by the year will be confined strictly to their business.

Candidates announced for \$3 00.

POETICAL.



From the Model American Courier.
THE HOLY TEAR.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

A tear drop left a maidens eye,
The tear of worldly love—
An Angel bright came from on high,
And carried it above!

But 'twas not pure enough for Heaven,
And backward fell in dew at even!

Years roll'd away—another tear
Fell from the maidens eye,
Again, the Angel hovering near
Uphore it to the sky!
And there enshrined will ever be
That holy tear of Charity!

A Turn of the Wheel of Fortune.—About twenty years ago, one of the early French settlers of Saline county, dissatisfied with the quiet and slow process of getting a living by tilling the soil, left a wife and his daughter, a little girl, to seek other means to mend his fortune. They looked in vain for his return, during many long years, but heard no tidings; till even affection compelled them to believe him dead. They struggled along in poverty, until the daughter grew up to womanhood, when the widow and her child married those as poor as themselves, and looked forward to a life of no better hopes.

The past week, however, the whole was changed. An old gray haired man came to the humble dwelling of the daughter, and after surveying her with deep emotion for a few moments, said—"Do you know the name of your father?" to which she replied by giving it; then said he, "I am your father." After their mutual greetings, he brought in two bags of gold, containing \$40,000, and gave them to his daughter, and offered her husband the best farm he could choose in the neighborhood. He knew his daughter by a scar on her forehead, from a wound received when a child. We have not heard what arrangements he has made with his wife.—Glasgow News.

THE CRISIS.

A Colloquy.—"Why bless me, Mrs. R. you haint well this afternoon. You haint got the fever and agur has you?"

"No ma'am but I'm very unhappy, my husband tells me the crisis has arrived."

"The crisis! why it ain't possible!—When did he hear that?"

"Oh, it was in everybody's mouth, he says, at the political meeting the other night, and they all seemed mightily concerned about it!"

"Well, now that I recollect it, my old man read it from the paper the night afore last, that it had arrived sure enough; and the editor seemed to be in a peck of trouble about it, too."

"Goodness, gracious! what'll we do?"

"I haint an idea, unless the Governor calls out the militia!—Picayune.

A country girl once riding past a turnpike gate without paying the usual fee, the tollman hailed her and demanded it; she asked by what authority he demanded it; he answered that the sign would convince her that the law required a cent for man and horse. "Well," replied the girl, "this is a woman and mare," there fore she had nothing to expect, and she rode off, leaving him the laughing stock of the bystanders.—Island City.

"Oft in the still night," as the watchman said when they asked him if he ever took a nap.

MINUTES

OF THE THIRD ANNUAL MEETING OF THE

Osage River Association
OF REGULAR BAPTISTS.

Begun and held with Antioch Church, Benton county, Mo., on the fourth Saturday in July, 1848, and days following.

Elder James H. Baker preached an introductory sermon from the 8th chapter of Paul's letter to the Church at Rome, and 29th verse: "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son," &c.

The Association was then opened with prayer by Elder Josiah Conn, and called for and read letters from the following Churches, and enrolled their messengers' names, and the following accounts taken, which are exhibited in the annexed table:

CHURCHES.	DELEGATES.	By letter.	By experience.	By recantation.	Excluded.	Total number.	Sabbaths of meeting.
Antioch,	Eld. H. V. Parker, Eld. Marcus Monroe, M. Walker, Jos. L. Butcher.	2				1 19	6
Mts Zion,	W. Allen, J. Pace, P. L. DeLozier, Alvin Poe.		2			1 16	1
Bethel,	C. T. Wood, J. W. Murry, E. L. Harper, H. G. Harper.	2				1 5	8
New Hope,	Eld. J. Hatfield, D. Rank, R. Shaw, W. Cressner.		5			1 9	3
Mack's creek,	No letter or messenger.						
Big Niangua,	Eld. G. Long, J. Cyrus, T. Yaden, I. Long.	2				1 20	2
Little Niangua,	J. Hix, G. H. Condon, S. Condon, M. C. White.		2			1 8	4
Mt. Hebron,	Eld. J. Richardson.					1 6	3
Mt. Vernon,	J. Bunch, J. Tally, J. C. Loony, G. W. Tally.	1	1			1 114	4
Total,		3	5	0	5	117	

The Association was then organized by choosing Eld. H. V. Parker, Moderator, and Alvin Poe, Clerk, then proceeded to business in the following manner, to wit:

1st. Read our Constitution and rules of decorum.

2d. Opened the door for the reception of churches, but none joined.

3d. Called for corresponding letters, and received one from the Lamine River Regular Baptist Association, by the hands of their messengers, Elders Tiley H. Berry and J. D. Mercer, who were invited and took seats with us.

4th. By motion, all the members, both preachers and privates, present, of our faith and order, were invited to seats with us.

5th. Appointed Eld. John Hatfield to write a corresponding letter to the Lamine River Regular Baptist Association, and have it ready for inspection against Monday morning.

6th. Agreed to have a new corresponding letter wrote to send to the Little Piney Regular Baptist Association, in lieu of one prepared at our last association, and appointed Eld. Marquis Monroe to write the same and have it ready for inspection against Monday morning.

7th. Appointed the following brethren, to wit: Elder John Hatfield, John Hix, Thomas Yaden, John Talley and John W. Murry, together with the Moderator and Clerk, a committee to arrange the unfinished business of the Association, and make their report on Monday morning.

8th. Appointed the following brethren to fill the stand on to-morrow, viz: Elders Josiah Conn, Tiley H. Berry, Richard Jones and J. W. West, and that preaching begin at 10 o'clock, a. m.; then adjourned with prayer by the Moderator, until Monday morning 8 o'clock.

Sunday.—The brethren appointed to preach on Sunday, met a large and well composed congregation, and we hope the truth preached was consolating and comforting to the children of God.

Monday morning.—The Association met pursuant to adjournment, and after prayer by elder Jas. H. Baker, proceeded to business in the following order, to wit:

1st. The report of the committee called for, read and received, and the committee discharged.

2d. Called upon Elder John Hatfield for the corresponding letter he had prepared for inspection, to send to the Lamine River Association of Regular Baptists, and he presented one which was read and received, and he was discharged, and the following brethren appointed to bear it, to wit:

Elders John Hatfield, H. V. Parker, George Long, Marquis Monroe, James Richardson, and brethren John Hix and J. W. Murry.

3d. Agreed to recind the act of our last Association in receiving the correspondence of Little Piney Regular Baptist Association, and say we will have no further correspondence with her at present, and further agree to set forth the reason or cause in our minutes.

4th. appointed brethren Thos. Yaden and John Hix, a committee of finance, who reported they had received \$7.60 cts. contribution.

5th. Appointed brethren John Hix, G. Long, Thos. Yaden, Marquis Monroe, J. W. Murry, and H. V. Parker, a committee to visit Mack's Creek Church, and inquire into the cause why she has failed to represent herself in the Association and make their report to the next Association.

6th. Agreed to have two hundred copies of our Minutes printed and that brother H. V. Parker superintend the printing and distribution of the same.

7th. Agreed to hold our next Association with Bethel Church, in Hickory co. Mo., commencing on the first Saturday in June, 1849, and that Elder Marquis Monroe preach the introductory sermon, and in case of failure, Elder H. V. Parker to supply.

8th. Appointed a union meeting at Little Niangua Church, to commence on Friday before the fourth Saturday in October next, the preaching brethren generally agreed to attend.

9th. Then adjourned with prayer by elder John Hatfield, to our next time and place in course.

H. V. PARKER, Moderator.

ALVIN POE, Clerk.

The cause why we dropped correspondence with Little Piney Regular Baptist Association.

1st. We set forth in our abstract of principles that we believed in the resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust. This was read before the delegates from Little Piney Association presenting their corresponding letter at our last Association; then on Monday morning, after their correspondence was received, the delegates from that association made a motion to withdraw their corresponding letter, on account of a difference, as they said, on the resurrection of the dead and the spiritual existence of Adam; and went so far as to say we had heresy among us, and we contended there was no essential difference between us—and after the preaching brethren of this association and they had a private talk, they professed to be satisfied, and said there was but little or no difference, it was only a misunderstanding on the resurrection, and that there was a difference in their own association in the spiritual existence of Adam, but they made it no bar to fellowship—so the correspondence was continued.

2d. At this association, two of the preaching brethren from the above named association, attended and were invited to seats with us, and were appointed to preach, and went so far as to say we denied the resurrection of the dead; thereby not only misrepresented us, but said we were Sadducees, after being told over and over again that we positively believed in the resurrection of the dead, but we did not believe in the resurrection of the earthly or corporeal body, but that it is sown a natural body, but is raised a spiritual body. Now we don't think these were reasons sufficient to drop correspondence with that association, as a body of people, but being informed by the brethren from that association that they would drop correspondence with us, we thought it useless to go on to send a letter and delegates to their association.

HE WILL FORGIVE YOU FATHER.

He stood leaning upon a broken gate in front of his miserable dwelling. His tattered hat was in his hand, and the cool breeze lifted the matted locks which covered his once noble brow. His countenance was bloated and disfigured, but in his eye there was an unwonted look—a mingled expression of sadness and regret. Perhaps he was listening to the low, melancholy voice of his patient wife, as she soothed the sick babe on her bosom; or perchance, he was gazing upon the sweet face of his eldest daughter, as at the open window, she plied her needle to obtain for her mother and the poor children, a scanty sustenance. Poor Mary! for herself, she cared not; young as she was, her spirit was already crushed by poverty, unkindness and neglect. As the inebriate thus stood, his

eyes wandered over the miserable habitation before him. The windows were broken, and the doors hingeless; scarce a vestige of comfort remained; yet memory bore him back to the days of his youth, when it was the abode of peace and happiness. In fancy, he saw again the old arm-chair, where sat his father, with the Bible upon his knee; and he seemed to hear again the sweet notes of his mother, as she laid her hand upon the head of her darling boy, and prayed that God would bless him and preserve him from evil.—Long years had passed away, yet tears came into the eyes of the drunkard at the recollection of his mother's love.

"Poor mother," he muttered, "it is well that thou art sleeping in the grave: it would break thy heart to know that thy son is a wretched and degraded being—a miserable outcast from society."

He turned slowly away. Deep within an adjoining forest, was a dell where the beams of the sun scarce ever penetrated. Tall trees grew on either side, whose branches, meeting above, formed a canopy of leaves, where the birds built their nests, and poured forth happy songs. Thither the drunkard bent his steps. It had been his favorite haunt in the days of his childhood, and as he threw himself upon the soft green sward, the recollection of past scenes came crowding over his mind. He covered his face with his hands, and the prayer of the prodigal burst from his lips—"O God, receive a returning wanderer!" Suddenly a soft arm was thrown around his neck, and a sweet voice murmured—"He will forgive you, father."—Starting to his feet, the inebriate saw standing before him his youngest daughter, a child of six years.

"Why are you here, Anne?" he said, ashamed that the innocent child should have witnessed his grief.

"I came to gather the lilies which grow upon the banks," she replied; "see, I have got my basket full, and now I am going to sell them."

"And what do you do with the money?" asked the father, as he turned his eyes to the basket, where among the broad green leaves, the sweet lilies of the valley were peeping forth.

The child hesitated, she thought she had said too much; perhaps her father would demand the money, and spend it in the way in which all his earnings went.

"You are afraid to tell me Anne," said her father, kindly. "Well, I do not blame you; I have no right to my children's confidence."

The gentleness of his tone, touched the heart of the affectionate child. She threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming—"Yes father, I will tell you. Mother buys medicines for poor little Willie. We have no other way to get it. Mother and Mary work all the time they can get, to buy bread."

A pang shot through the inebriate's heart. "I have robbed them of the comforts of life," he exclaimed; "from this moment, the liquid fire passes my lips no more."

He could not comprehend her father's words; but she saw that some change had taken place. She threw back her golden ringlets, and raised her large blue eyes, with an earnest look, to his face. "Will you never drink any more rum?" she whispered timidly.

"Never! Anne," her father replied solemnly.

Joy danced in her eyes. "Then we will all be so happy," she cried, "and mother won't weep any more. Oh, father, what a happy home ours will be!"

Years passed away. The words of little Anne, the drunkard's daughter, had proved true. The home of the reformed man, her father, was indeed a happy one. Plenty crowned his board, and health and joy beamed from the faces of his wife and children—where once squalid misery alone could be traced. The Pledge had raised him from his degradation, and restored him once more to peace and happiness.

From the New England Presbyterian.

A BIBLE NEGLECTED.

A few days since a friend of ours was sent for to visit a young in the Charity Hospital, who was tho't to be near his end. He went and found him, as had been represented, evidently upon the threshold of eternity. He had been ill of fever; but that had passed, consuming, however, in its course, the vital energy of the unfortunate youth; and now he was in the possession of his mental faculties, with the fearful consciousness that he was about to appear in the presence of his Maker.—What did he want of the man of God? Alas! what many a young man before him has wanted under similar circumstances. He wanted every thing that was necessary to fit him for an exchange of worlds.

"Pray for me," said he, "I am not prepared to die; I wish my sins to be forgiven."

Our friend conversed with him at some length, and found him extremely ignorant upon religious topics. The entire work for which his life had been given him, had been neglected until the present moment, and was now to be performed or left undone forever, and death was knocking at the door. What unaccountable folly! What unaccountable madness! and yet how common!

"Have you parents living?"

"I have a mother—she resides in New York—and is perhaps looking from day to day, with a mother's anxiety, for intelligence from the son she will never see again."

"Have you a Bible?"

"Yes, I took one with me when I left home. I have always carried a Bible, but I have not read it."

Oh, what avail is it to have a Bible, if it be not read? Some persons seem to carry about the sacred volume with them just as others wear amulets and images of saints, to ward off the shafts of misfortune. But will it do this if it remain in the locker; if it be not carefully and prayerfully perused? Is it a "life preserver," to float the soul over the deep waters of death? Ah, youthful reader, a neglected Bible, be it the gift of a tender mother, an affectionate sister, or a bosom friend ever so dear, a neglected Bible will be like a millstone around the neck of the sinking sinner.